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The Elusive Henry Green
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THE

Commonweal

Protestants in Latin America

by Willard F. Jabusch

Stevenson and the Beats

by Leo Hines

Opera in Berlin

by Martin Bernheimer

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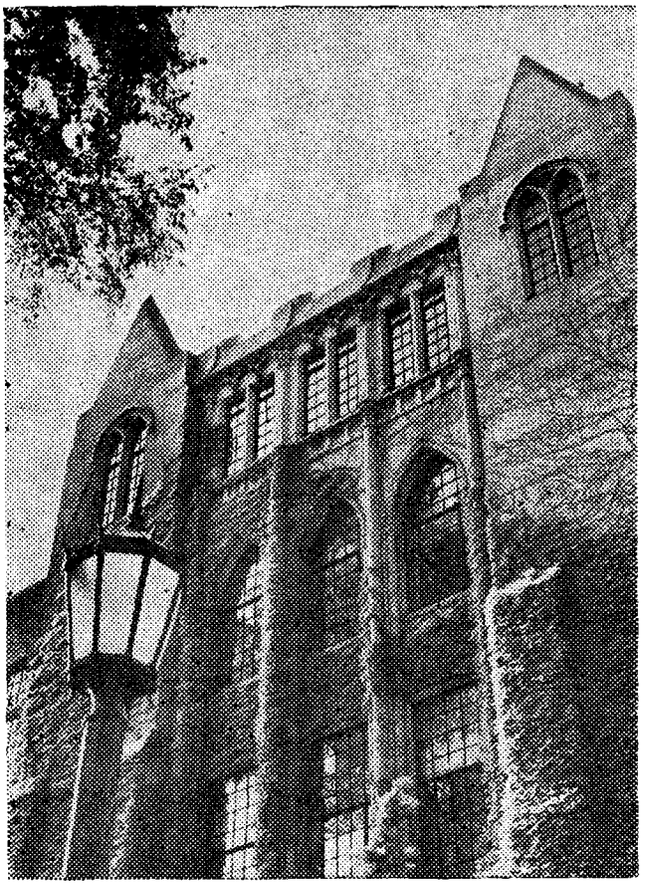

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THESE LAST FEW YEARS

WITH THE nation's voters about to be confronted by the stream of charges, claims and promises of the campaign, a sweeping glance at the over-all situation of the United States is much in order.

The Eisenhower Administration has undoubtedly succeeded in its objective of maintaining a "sound dollar." Two minor recessions have been overcome. Business on the whole is good. Unemployment has increased only moderately despite a growing labor force and increasing recourse to the efficiencies and savings produced by automation. In the world at large President Eisenhower continues to enjoy considerable prestige as a man of peace. Despite the failure of the summit meeting and the calling off of the President's visit to Japan, there can be little doubt that his reception in many of the world's capitals constituted a genuine popular tribute. And now at San José, Costa Rica, the policies of his State Department appear to be vindicated by the unanimous vote of the Latin American States (save the Dominican Republic and Cuba) for a strong resolution opposing Communist intervention in the Western hemisphere.

This is evidence, apparently, that the Eisenhower Administration has been successful in maintaining prosperity at home and peace abroad. But how far-reaching is our vaunted domestic prosperity? The coal regions of Kentucky and West Virginia are but one, if one of the most hard-hit, of the "distress areas" where unemployment is acute. Millions of rural and urban families still live in abject poverty. School, hospital and other basic facilities have not come close to keeping pace with the nation's steady rise in population.

When it comes to national security the doubts intensify. Can it be seriously argued that the United States and the free world find themselves as strong comparatively as they were eight years ago? The American lead in weapons and means of delivery has long since vanished. With their markedly superior thrust and precision—so forcefully demonstrated again in their feat of recovering their animals alive after seventeen circuits far above the globe—the Soviets continue to be several years ahead of us. Nor has there been any success in achieving controls of thermonuclear weapons.

If, as *Life* magazine has contended in its recent apologia for "the Eisenhower years," the Russians have made no territorial conquests since 1952 and have even withdrawn from a neutralized Austria, unhappily this hardly constitutes proof of American success in the cold war. Castro's Cuba brings the fact of Russia's increasing influence in the world uncomfortably close to home, while various popular demonstrations and the precarious situation of most Latin-American governments greatly diminish the importance of the anti-Soviet sentiments expressed by the O.A.S. Foreign Ministers.

ALL THIS means that we cannot count much longer on consistent Latin-American support in the United Nations. To compound the prospect, few of the newly emerging African states, whose admission is swelling the U.N. membership, tend to favor the United States; mostly neutralist, certain of these new members actually give signs of a Soviet orientation. And who would contend that in the past eight years support for American policies—or pro-Western sentiment—has grown in the strategic Middle East? Anti-American sentiment is widespread.

Meanwhile, the Chinese Communists have been making such strides in industrializing and arming their country as to arouse Soviet apprehension. China's dominance of the Far East is steadily grow-

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ing. For all these and other reasons the position of the United States, formidable as it is as a military power, has greatly deteriorated.

Yet the editorial in *Life,* rhapsodizing over the "fruitful" Eisenhower years, commends the Administration for modernizing and strengthening "our military posture" . . . and leaving "America the strongest military power in the world." It claims among other things to find "the Chinese empire . . . surrounded by stronger and more alert free neighbors than it was before Ike and John Foster Dulles took charge." Etc., etc.

In another issue of *Life,* Richard Nixon, writing on the National Purpose, declares that "the nation has mounted insufficient response to the Communist challenge to free society." That is undeniable. But our failures are all bound up with other neglected challenges. There is a connection between anti-American sentiment and the plight of the millions of economically and educationally underprivileged here in the United States, especially the American Negroes with their continuing disabilities. The impoverished state of most of the peoples in Latin America, where our assistance has been on a very inadequate scale—and that in the underdeveloped lands generally—also plays a part.

Conditions such as these should be of real concern to a nation with resources and a productive capacity such as ours even if there were no Communist threat in the world. A sense of stewardship would impose it. Yet narrow concern with Communism alone has come to be widely accepted as the rigid American pattern.

If one thing has been repeatedly demonstrated in these past eight years it is that American cultivation of other peoples as potential allies seldom leads to genuine friendship. Another is that repeated assurances that all is well hardly steel the nation to meet its greatest challenge yet.

FREED FROM LOGIC

THAT A CATHOLIC candidate for President should be lectured, however unnecessarily, about the political duties of the President is probably to be expected. That he should be advised about how best to fulfill his religious obligations is perhaps more surprising. But that, in a supposedly political context, all Catholics should be advised to forego the rules of their own Church and to worship as Protestants is positively stunning. Yet that is exactly what the *Christian Century* proposed editorially in a recent issue.

The editorial quotes briefly from Canon 1258, a section of Canon law which concerns divine worship: "The faithful are not allowed to assist actively in any way or to take active part in the religious services of non-Catholics." With a logic difficult to define or to describe, the editorial continues:

"A Catholic President or, for that matter, any other Catholic, has his religious freedom severely circumscribed by Canon 1258. A strong-minded President might simply refuse to consult church authorities as to whether attendance at non-Catholic services is a reasonable part of his public function. He might properly decide that the public official should be the one to determine, within the context of law, whether a particular obligation falls within his public function. But Canon 1258 reserves the last word for the church: 'The faithful . . . are not allowed. . . .' Such bans on sharing in worship, on reading Scripture, on partaking of holy communion have no basis in Scripture or in American law. No Catholic, whether or not he is President, should submit to them."

It is difficult to judge whether this is a greater attack on the integrity of the religious conscience or on the ideals of American democracy. What is beyond doubt is that it is at least partially blind to each and advises a course of action that would be damaging to both. Because there are so many errors of fact and interpretation it may be well to separate them by enumeration.

First, there is a misunderstanding of what Canon law is. As its subtitle says, it presents the "current disciplinary norms" of the Church and is, therefore, subject to future change and present exceptions. It is a mistake to interpret it—as the editorial did—as if it were Anglo-Saxon law.

Second, Canon 1258 does not prevent a Catholic, public official or not, from attending non-Catholic services; it does rule against active participation in the service, a quite different matter.

Third, there is nothing in American law which suggests that the President should participate in any religious service, Protestant, Catholic or other. The President is not deprived, by virtue of his Presidency, from the freedom of worship that is Constitutionally guaranteed to every citizen. Those who are most concerned about proper separation of Church and State should be the first to protest any reading of the Constitution that would suggest otherwise.

Fourth, it is, again, a dangerous misunderstanding of the relation that should exist between Church and State that would look to American law to find the basis of the disciplinary laws of the Church.

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Fifth, it would be a weak-minded Catholic, indeed, who would feel that his religious freedom were circumscribed because he is enjoined to worship according to his own religious beliefs rather than those of others.

Sixth, a Catholic accepts the rulings of the Church because he accepts the Church. It should come as no surprise to anyone who is moderately informed on religious matters that Catholics and Protestants are divided on the principle of authority. It may be that when the writer of the *Christian Century* editorial urged Catholics to revolt against Canon law he was merely urging them to become good Protestants. But even other Protestants who might regard this as an admirable goal must wish the idea had been advanced less frivolously, that it had not been tacked on to a political discussion of passing importance.

If it is possible to derive any useful conclusion from such an uninformed editorial, it is simply that no one as free from logic as its writer is in a position to advise anyone on the relation of politics to religion—whether the intended recipient is President or not, Catholic or not.

SOVIET-CHINESE CONFLICT?

THE DIFFERENCES between China and the U.S.S.R. are growing wider and deeper, according to all available evidence. In the last few weeks Radio Moscow has been broadcasting increasingly open criticism of the Peiping "left-sectarian" insistence that Communist-capitalist war is inevitable; and Communist Chinese leaders have made equally open attacks on the Khrushchev "blasphemy" of advocating "peaceful coexistence."

Strained Sino-Soviet relations were further indicated by the sudden departure from China of hundreds of Soviet technicians. The Soviet experts were at last report still leaving China by the trainful, and their withdrawal (expulsion?) furnished dramatic support for the latest rumors of a split.

The reaction of the West thus far to the latest Communist domestic quarrel has been interested but cautious, which is at it should be. The greatest danger for the non-Communist world, it would seem, is the temptation to make too much of the apparent fallingout between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung, on the one hand, or to imagine such a development an unmixed blessing, on the other.

It is true that, as "socialist states at different stages of development," China and the Soviet Union have different specific needs and different specific purposes. Communist China is engaged in a herculean effort of construction and expansion; its leaders must maintain a national feeling of constant crisis and danger if the people are to respond to the demands of the "great leap forward." The Soviet Union has passed this stage and is engaged in a worldwide competition with the West on a more complex level, that of political appeal and standards of living as well as sheer economic and military power. It is also true that these differences make for real divergences in Soviet and Chinese domestic and international policies, and that the differences are intensified by natural rivalry for the leadership of the Communist world.

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the bonds between China and the U.S.S.R. are more compelling, now and in the foreseeable future, than the differences which exist between them. Furthermore, a serious break between Moscow and Peiping might not be so helpful to the cause of peace and liberty as many anti-Communists seem to think. Steps toward disarmament and world peace will come about, it seems clear, only as the powers involved discover and acknowledge that their interests are identical. The Chinese Communist leaders have said that they are prepared to accept three hundred million dead as the price of world Communism, and they are now working desperately to produce their own nuclear weapons. If they should decide that their interests are shared by no other nation, not even the U.S.S.R., the chances of averting the nuclear holocaust will hardly be improved, and may well be reduced to the vanishing point.

IS TOUGH EVEN IN MINK-LINED POOL

WEALTHY, respected, award-spangled Dmitri Tiomkin is hardly a symbol of the voiceless underprivileged in our society. Nevertheless, the Academy Award-winning composer must have touched a great many hearts with his recent cry of injustice to the artist in movieland. He did ours, sort of.

Here, from the *Hollywood Composer* via the alert N.Y. *Times,* in Mr. Tiomkin's inimitable style, his artist's lament: "What are you when you write music for the movies? I tell you. You are part of electronics you cannot control. Composer is no independent man. Engineer is conductor. And if producer wants loud, is loud. You write pianissimo, but is loud. . . . It is time that composer for music should have full citizenship."

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Protestants in Latin America

There can no longer be any doubt that Protestantism has solidly established itself south of the border

by WILLARD F. JABUSCH

MATANZAS, A PORT and commercial center on the north coast of Cuba, is a busy middle-class town, full of intelligent people who are able to combine Latin charm with North American energy. There are no local tourist attractions; all the more inviting, perhaps, is the Saturday evening, when a visitor might stroll down to the large central plaza, the inevitable hub of activity in any Spanish-speaking city.

A number of young men in clean white suits, white shirts and bow ties are gathering around the statue of José Marti, the Cuban George Washington, in the center of the plaza. They are setting up loud speakers and a number of folding chairs. One young fellow has a guitar, another has an accordion. Seven or eight girls join the energetic young men, helping arrange a table and a microphone at the base of the statue. They, too, are dressed primarily in white—white trim dresses, shoes, and hats. People begin to fill up the chairs and stand around in groups under the hibiscus and the orange trees as the program gets under way.

This is the regular Saturday night service of the Evangelical Church of Matanzas, held in front of the statue of the national hero for the benefit of the crowds of evening strollers. The young missionaries are personable and enthusiastic as they give brief sermonettes on the importance of reading the Bible and on the love of Christ Jesus for all men. There are hymns, of course, most of them Bible Belt favorites sung in Spanish by a well rehearsed quartet or by a magnificent solo voice. During one of the songs there is a free-will offering with some forty or fifty people coming forward to place their money in a box near the microphone. The Saturday evening ends with an invitation to listen in for the regular Sunday services on Radio Matanzas.

The crowd is slow to disperse. Many seem impressed with the evident sincerity of this little group of their countrymen—for they are all Cubans, in spite of the Smokey Mountain beat in most of their revival tunes.

On Sunday morning in Matanzas, a Catholic visitor would probably attend Mass in the great stone cathedral. It is an old building erected in colonial days with a dingy interior full of faded velvet drapes and dusty statues. About ten elderly ladies in black lace mantillas and dark Sunday dresses join the plump sacristan in his seedy robe at the altar rail. They are the only communicants. Another handful of people are scattered down the length of the huge nave which seems to be more cluttered with statues than with worshippers. The atmosphere is sombre and lonely.

After the hurried low Mass, a visitor who stopped at an open-air cafe on the plaza for a cup of strong Cuban coffee might see two, clean-cut young men in white move from table to table selling copies of a five-cent newspaper. They are two members of the Gospel Quartet of the preceding night who politely suggest that the Yankees might be interested in the English language page of their little religious paper. Their English is poor, but they are friendly and tactful. They wish the visitor a pleasant trip and move on to the next table. The paper contains both pious and polemic articles and pictures and includes a list of their headquarters in a dozen other Latin countries.

THE ZEAL AND enthusiasm of the new Protestant groups south of the border is impressive. But what of their success? If the Latin-American scene is carefully studied, there can no longer be any doubt that Protestantism has solidly established itself in many places and in the minds of many people has gained a reputation for sincerity, progress, and respectability. This is not to say that large numbers have left the Catholic Church to become active Protestants. However, the Protestant churches to a large extent are no longer regarded as something foreign and suspect. They have succeeded in developing a hard-working "native

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clergy," in building an amazing number of churches, schools, and clinics in a rather short time, and in acquiring status in the local community.

Some Catholics are quick to point out that the Protestant churches have had few converts among the upper classes and that the intellectuals—traditionally Masons, free-thinkers, or Communists—would never be drawn to "storefront" doctrines, so obviously poor in intellectual content.

But the evangelical sects have not concentrated their efforts among the rich or the university students. Their missions are directed first of all to the poor and to the growing middle class which has become important in the larger cities. Nor are the staid, old-line Protestant denominations the real leaders in their missionary endeavor. Leaders in the Protestant ecumenical movement, all of them members of conservative churches, had originally judged Latin America to be a poor field for Protestant missionary work. Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Methodists had made foundations there, of course, but appeared to be almost hesitant in spreading their doctrines. The evangelicals, on the other hand, feeling themselves uninhibited by the ecumenical movement and any need to begin a dialogue with the Catholic Church, have truly refashioned Latin-American Protestantism in their particular image and likeness.

A Methodist minister, C. Stanley Lowell, recently wrote in *Christianity Today:* "Unlike many former Protestant leaders, they do not regard Latin America as a Roman Catholic preserve where her 'no poaching' signs must be respected. They believe that freedom of religion should be a universal concept, and view every nominal Catholic—and every practicing one, too—as the legitimate object of their appeal." Many of these sects are scarcely known in the States, but because of their energy, forceful techniques, dedicated personnel, and financial support from the United States they have taken root, grown, and flowered in the countries of their adoption.

That the new Protestantism is in control was evident in the Latin American Conference on Evangelical Communications held at Cali, Columbia, in September, 1959. The familiar denominations were there, of course, but they were not at the front, running the program. Most prominent were the representatives of the other groups. The Evangelical Alliance Mission, the Assemblies of God, the Latin American Mission, the World Gospel Crusade, the Inter-American Mission, Christian and Missionary Alliance, Spanish Evangelistic Crusades, Youth for Christ, West Indies Mission, Central American Mission, Four Square Gospel, and Union of Christian Evangelicals. Also present were the New Tribes Mission, the ubiquitous Pentecostals of many varieties, as well as the Seventh-day Adventists, whose members now constitute the largest of the Protestant groups in Colombia.

It is certainly true that some part of the Protestant success is due to the lack of priests in many localities. This is especially the case in Central America. In Guatemala the Jehovah's Witnesses are most active in an area where the Catholic priest is able to reach the Indians working on the coffee "fincas" only once each year. In British Honduras, youthful Adventist ministers take the tiny coastal steamer to proselytize remote fishing villages in this colony which has only one diocesan priest.

Yet even in a country like Colombia, which has a much higher proportion of priests and nuns, the Protestant presence is felt. At Bucaramanga, department of Santander, a twenty-four-year old Assemblies of God evangelist, a Puerto Rican from New York named Eugene Jiminez, preached a revival which soon outgrew the capacity of the Four Square Gospel Church and was moved to the athletic field of the Presbyterian School to take care of a crowd of eight thousand. Finally, the services were moved to the city's largest meeting place, the coliseum where twenty-five thousand could be seated.

In South America, Brazil has become the center for evangelical activity. But the larger number of American Protestant missionaries still go to countries nearer home. The scholarly Archbishop of San José, Costa Rica, and the young and alert Archbishop of San Salvador have declared their concern over the extent of evangelical activities emanating from the U.S.

THE SECTS now claim from five to six million adherents. In twenty years their chapels and churches have increased from 3,000 to 26,000, and their missionaries from 1,700 in 1937 to 6,400 today. They are aided by about 14,000 native supporters. Moreover, they are financed by several million dollars annually donated by Protestant missionary groups in the United States.

The new "Templo Evangelico Four-Square" is a huge impressive green building which can not be missed by anyone entering the Guatemalan capital by the Pan-American highway. It is located close to some of the better suburbs and seems to indicate that even Aimee Semple McPherson's fundamentalism may have found a place in the land of the Mayas. Guatemala, with its high percentage of Indians and with the lowest proportion of priests to lay people of any country in Latin America, is responsive to the sects. Literate and cultured Guatemalans laugh at the "Templo" and dismiss the Protestant problem, but the impression is given that once again the rich have failed to understand the desires and motivation of the poor. W. Stanley Rycroft, a missionary for many years in Latin America, states the evangelical view: "The opportunities for proclaiming the Gospel in Latin America are perhaps greater than in any other area of the world."

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WHAT IS the basic theme of the Protestant message? What is the most important tenet in the theology which they preach in these countries where about ninety-five per cent of the people have been at least baptized as Catholics?

It would seem to be this: it is not religion in a formal, ecclesiastical sense but living faith in a living Saviour that is the only hope of the men and nations of Latin America. Horace L. Fenton, Jr., Associate Director of the Latin American Mission, in his review of Rycroft's *Religion and Faith in Latin America* said: "The author's basic thesis is that there is a world of difference between religion and faith. He shows clearly that there never has been any dearth of religion in Latin America, either in the days before the coming of the Roman Catholic Church or in the four centuries since the *conquistadores* introduced the religion of Spain. But of vital faith in Jesus Christ, as he is revealed in the Scriptures, Latin America has known little, until the coming of Protestant missions in comparatively recent times."

He concludes: "Dr. Rycroft lets the facts of history speak for themselves; and in so doing, he comes to the inevitable conclusion that Romanism has failed to meet the needs of the people, and has provided another illustration of the bankruptcy of all religions, as compared to the riches found in the gospel of Christ."

It is in this echo of fundamental Protestant theology that we can better understand the fervor and the vigorous proselytizing of the sects, their forceful manner, often openly attacking the traditional religious values of the people, especially their devotion to the Blessed Mother, and their special affinity for the Latin missions. For here, in a special and perhaps unique, way in this modern world, they have the opportunity to relive the Reformation. Here the classic arguments of Luther and Calvin still seem to have a certain cogency which they have long since lost in Western Europe and the United States. Here the traditional stories of clerical abuses and indifference, superstition, the wealth of the Church, and the ignorance of the people may be repeated with conviction. Perhaps nowhere can an evangelical minister or lay missionary feel more like a sixteenth-century reformer than he can in the Latin America of today.

Jaime Fonseca, editor of "Noticias Catolicas," writes: "In some regions of Latin America only six per cent of the men—or less—go to church and receive the sacraments, and only ten or twelve of every hundred women. It is not surprising then that an estimated seventy per cent of the Catholics do not know the fundamentals of their religion. This religious ignorance prevails not only among the illiterate, but also among the educated. It is due largely to the lack of proper religious education."

In my experience as chaplain at the Chicago Detention Center of the Immigration Department I have found that only one or two per cent of the numerous Mexicans waiting there to be deported know the act of contrition. Only a few had ever received the sacraments of Penance or the Holy Eucharist. Some estimate that only one third of all Latin Americans have made their first Communion.

THESE STATISTICS on religious ignorance are no longer startling to American Catholics. The spiritual poverty of the people has been recognized and has become an accepted fact. But what is still unfamiliar is knowledge that a growing number of Latin American Baptists and Adventists are converted, not in the many Spanish storefront churches in New York or Chicago, but by native preachers in Ponce or San Juan.

And so much of the vacuum in religious life is being filled by the fundamentalist sects, inspired and directed by North Americans, often with a deep-seated anti-Catholicism born in the Bible Belt. It is no secret that North American Catholics have shown much less interest.

Some Catholic missionaries have gone to Latin America. The Maryknoll priests and sisters are beloved by the clergy and people. The old rector of the cathedral of Merida in Yucatan says that he thanks God each day in the Mass for the Maryknoll priests because it was not until they came that the catechism was translated into the Mayan language! The American Jesuits work in the damp heat of Belize, the Dominicans conduct the national seminary in the rarified atmosphere of La Paz. The Franciscans from New England, who are in charge of one of the few parishes in the primitive capital of Honduras, are trying to start a parochial school (almost unheard of in Latin America) and have even called in a fund-raiser from Denver to start a pledge drive! Everywhere, from the Redemptorists in Brazil to the Carmelites in Chile, the people have discovered Catholic priests, brothers, and nuns (and recently a handful of laymen) who laugh and joke and play "beisbol," but who also know how to teach, work for social justice, organize relief and health programs, and most of all live an apostolic and intelligent Catholic life in all its richness.

It is a happy contrast to the unbending, almost arrogant, attitude of many missionaries from Spain who brought with them a superiority complex and chauvinism which was not appreciated by former colonials. A smile, sympathy, kindness, and energy are as necessary for the Catholic missioner, it should go without saying, as they are for the Protestant.

A Chicago diocesan priest, now pastor of the little town of Buena Vista, Bolivia, writes, "We will do all we can to help the Church in Latin America—but will it again be a case of 'too little and too late'?"

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Why did the Beats of 1960 love Adlai Stevenson so fiercely?

Stevenson and the Beats

by LEO HINES

THE VARIOUS audiences of the recent Democratic Convention were, according to report, respectively amused or puzzled or alarmed at the striking assortment of personages who whooped it up for Adlai Stevenson at the airport when he arrived at Los Angeles, in the city streets for several days following and, climactically, in the galleries of the convention the night of balloting.

Believe it or not, there was a boy with a beard up there, shouting his lungs off! And two Radcliffe girls (they might have been Wellesley) chanting Adlai's name with religionist fervor. There was a sign which alluded to "goodness and wisdom." There were waggish signs ("Vote Adlai, He's A Lousy Golfer" and "Stevenson, The Thinking Man's Choice") and doubtlessly others more waggish yet which our photographers precluded from our view—and forever.

For will it ever happen again? It can't. Not in the same way, at least. The Beat Generation of 1960 will be something else next year or years hence. Never again will the hot rods roll, as it was reported some did, directly from the jazz riots at Newport to the demonstrations at Los Angeles. If the Beatniks still wear beards next year we shall be weary of them, bored, angry—or something—but somehow history will have moved on. Essentials will have changed. And who will there be to explain why the Beats of 1960 loved Adlai Stevenson so fiercely that his meager political hope and the widespread hostility to him as a person and as a politician dimmed their ferocity not a whit?

Here is a *mésalliance* indeed. The aging, paunchy Princetonian with his preferred British pronunciations and the gaunt bespectacled young. Stern old American rectitude from Libertyville, and dissolute disorder from the art colonies. Prose as dated as horsehair chairs (and of the same school) wedded to jive talk and split-level streams of consciousness. Stevenson the stable, roaming but always roaming back to his cherished Midwest roots, and a generation of drifters who vow they'll never go back. An intellectual, a classicist, standing for decorum and design and the presence of the past and the living tradition of humane Christendom trading quips and expressions of affection ("My heart is full of love for you" and they not the least surprised thereby) with those who would undo the very fiber of our culture.

And here perhaps is the explanation of their community. However separated in age and intellectual approach, in social stratification and private predilections (boozing and broads, they; the State Department archives, he) they have in common—Adlai and the beatniks—a heartfelt dismay at middle-class American values, and they say so.

OTHER explanations for their affinity are worth examining, at least tentatively. Very likely it is easy for them to identify with him as a scapegoat and a romantically lonely man, a Manfred of the Midwest, for it is of the essence of beatism to be cut off from Dad (as thirty-five years ago it was of the essence of expatriatism to be cut off from Father). He is, like them, a rejected man—by his wife and twice by the electorate. He is the victim of unreasoning and implacable hostility from "those who should have been his friends," to quote Senator Eugene McCarthy, that is from Truman, Farley, Mayor Daley, and—how many votes did Illinois give him? And the beatniks, often, having left home in a huff, or rooming there sporadically because they have no place else to go, share this romantically conceived exile. He too is a vagrant spirit, and if he goes for planes, what's a plane but a hopped-up motorscooter?

It is possible, it may also be said, that Stevenson serves as a kind of father surrogate for these lost of our generation. Conventional and formal, strict and orthodox with his own sons—as far at least as appears in public—his indulgence for the beatniks and their vanities is patent for all. He speaks to them feelingly. In crowds he will caution the lunatic fringe who hang from lamp posts and dive at his car to be careful for their safety. He quips with them in latinisms which lament of the persecutions of eggheads and talks to them with a father-son, or in any case a familial, "we."

They are silent and totally attentive when his talk to them becomes serious and a real mutual respect is

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evident. There is *rapport*. He brings out the idealist in them and they in him. Indeed, there is a sense of "cause" and he uses the word with them without having to spell it. Only a religious note so far has been lacking, but Senator McCarthy's nominating speech added that, translated the Stevenson-beatnik cause into a thing evangelical: "Do not leave this prophet . . . do not reject this man!" And the beatniks, to James A. Farley's unforgettable horror as pictured on T.V., brought the house down.

The explanation lacks precision, however—a precision which only a closer reading of Stevenson and of beatism in its cultural context will provide. It has often been said that Stevenson has been "the right man at the wrong time"—as if to say that had he come along in the thirties he would have taken a depressed nation by storm. Perhaps, and perhaps not. For it is by no means demonstrable that Stevenson speaks with that grim, hearty—and sometimes vulgarly hearty—brashness which the nineteen thirties called for, and from F.D.R. got in good measure.

Nor, however adroitly he satirizes the Republican Old Guard ("which had to be dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century") is it evident that Stevenson relishes the kind of knock-down, drag-out group antagonisms which the Roosevelts (the younger Eleanor more than the matron of today) seemed to thrive on.

It is *up to date* bourgeois values which Stevenson contradicts. It is the middle class dream he calls into question, and though his speeches have not always specified—he tends to speak broadly, generically, of "materialism at home"—it is with the authentic ring of *our* moral crisis, and not *theirs,* not that of the thirties, that he speaks. From his acceptance speech in fifty-two when he galvanized together all those idealists who thought the jig might be up with the Democrats, and right on ever since, he has bluntly addressed himself to the long, bitter, patient struggle with Communism which is one of the spirit as well as of the economic law. He has leveled the charge of "drifting" against American mores, and chauvinists that we are we like it not at all. Serenely afloat in the high tide of cultural Darwinism, we resent his talk of ebb tides and backwash.

And this, however odd it may seem to say it, is a kind of beatism. Or, less dramatically, it is a profound chagrin at the mediocrity and the dangerous homebrew of self-indulgence and conceit that we drink, and so heavily. Stevenson has attempted to knock it out of our hands, in fifty-two and since, and the beatniks have been doing the same thing.

NOW BEATISM is complex in its origins and meaning. It is clearly connected with the expatriate movement of the twenties, and as such is a revolt of sons against fathers who have not adequately persuaded their sons of their systems of values. It is also something primitive and neo-Romantic, egotistical and headstrong—and, perhaps, in its juvenile delinquent phase a disturbing reminder of the bicycling artistic people whom the dictators of the thirties extracted *ex vacuo*.

Its antecedents in our culture are also Bohemian, in the historical sense; that is, those artistic people who believe they must abandon a philistine and commercial culture for a ghetto of their own devising, like the artists who huddled at the feet of Mallarmé come Tuesday eve or rented garret rooms in Montparnasse and painted nudes descending staircases. In this sense, beatism is old-hat, the last gasp of a dying movement, and hardly the birth-howl of a new. But beatism is also modern existentialism, both sides of the coin. In its negativism and listless despair on the one side and in the insistence that we have all been duped and had better rebel, better make a choice, better decide, on the other side of the coin.

Finally, beatism in its youthfulness and all its fine frenzy is as old as Troilus, Paris and Helen and the naughty psalm-singing David. But, without sentimentalizing immorality in the least, its excesses may still be considered, as the excesses of youth must always be considered, as a playing out, a projection of youth's terrible disillusionment with age. Anger is the hallmark of the perfectionist, and the young are always perfectionists. Demanding of their elders a moral discipline they cannot command for themselves, and a cultural gentility which their own barbarisms confute, in confusion and rage they rush out and kick up a ruckus. After all, it is a ruckus that forces people, finally, to pay attention.

In some rather complicated way, I am suggesting, the idealism of beatniks and the idealism of Adlai Stevenson are closely allied, and each instinctively knows that; and the bourgeois materialists of our country who repudiate them (with their own good reasons, to be sure!) know it instinctively too.

The most perplexing part of all this, and here again is where existentialism gets into the picture, is that Stevenson (the supposedly uncertain Stevenson) and the supposedly amoral beatniks are requiring of us a commitment, that we become engaged in the struggle against materialism at home and abroad.

Perplexing and ironic. The man whose political career has been dogged by the charge "indecisive" in a most classically existential way keeps insisting (and the beatniks less coherently chorus): *"La décision! Toujours la décision!"*

Their community is here, therefore. We reject them, Adlai and the beatniks, but perhaps theirs is the last laugh, because they rejected us first. They would have us nothing less than perfect. Theirs is the scalding love

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of prophets and reformers, and of those (I think now of the saddest of the beatniks) who, having been corrupted, curse the corrupters they still love.

Whatever of literary worth comes of the Beat Generation remains to be seen. So far, not much. Whatever stature Stevenson assumes for history is questionable also. Those who read his speeches ought to think it large. But if, even temporarily, the importance of either Stevenson or the beatniks who cheer him should diminish there may remain still a recollection that all greatness is not in accomplished fact. As they used to say at Princeton, *Magna Voluisse Magnum.* The beatniks might not accept it in Latin, but they would comprehend the sentiment if Adlai Stevenson translated it for them (with a confidential air, of course) because like him many of them are committed to the belief that even to have longed for a greatness is a greatness in itself.

CULTURAL COLD WAR

Opera in Berlin

by MARTIN BERNHEIMER

THE BERLIN of 1960 is a strongly divided city. The physical barriers between the sectors are obvious, but there are more subtle divisions as well. Cultural cold war is still being waged in the former German capital, and the activities of Berlin's three opera houses reflect the political chaos.

A tourist on his first visit to Berlin is struck immediately by the sheer visual differences between the sectors. A new city has risen in West Berlin. Shiny, cube-shaped modern buildings line the Kurfürstendamm, and there is a mighty conglomeration of avant garde architecture in the Hansastadt settlement. There seems to have been a conscious effort to break with the past and rebuild in a new style. Even the stately and seemingly adequate West Berlin Opera House, the Städtische Oper, is about to be abandoned in favor of a gleaming new theater. All in all, the new West Berlin suggests a middle-class German's conception of a modern American city, a conception evidently based on propaganda elements and Hollywood-type impressions. It generates a feeling of cool efficiency, and the scars of war have been successfully removed or at least disguised.

Such a claim could hardly be made for East Berlin. Here one is greeted by the sight of rubble and an air of destitution that hardly suggests the interim of fifteen years since the war's end. There is even an aura of grimness about the Stalin Allee, whose elaborate but deceptive facades add a trace of Eastern architecture to the skeleton of a once grand city. Each of the two opera houses in East Berlin has a character of its own. Standard works are presented at the rebuilt Staatsoper, usually in performances that are less impressive than the lavish physical surroundings would warrant, but the Soviet sector's cultural drawing card is Walter Felsenstein, one of Germany's most controversial men of the theater, and head of the Komische Oper.

Its three opera houses are symptomatic of Berlin's cultural opulence—and confusion. The abundance hardly stops with the music drama: both sectors have extraordinary museums and galleries, and there are also highly professional legitimate theaters with repertory companies on either side of the Brandenburg Gate. (Most notable of the companies is Bertolt Brecht's legendary Berliner Ensemble, now run by his widow Helene Weigel in the East sector.) In addition to the trio of opera houses, each of the two Berlin's has an independent theater devoted to operettas, and—believe it or not—musicals. The West seems to have the edge on symphony orchestras, but the concert activity in the East is hardly negligible either.

But, although there is supposedly no audience barrier, exchange visits to theaters and concert halls of the two sectors are not made easy by the governments in question. The three opera houses are slightly more than ten minutes apart by automobile or streetcar, but communication between sectors is practically impossible. In order to telephone from East to West (or vice-versa), an elaborate long-distance detour circuit must be employed. No posters in the East announce the programs of the West, and the West's policy is one of retaliation. Similarly, the newspapers of each sector ignore the announcements and advertisements concerning activities of the other, although the cultural iron curtain is occasionally raised for critical reports.

The artistic independence of the opera companies is even less logical. Although in several instances the repertories overlap between sectors, there is no ex-

Mr. Bernheimer has written on music for the New York *Times*, *Opera News* and many other publications.

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change of personnel. Thus a performance may be called off at the Komische Oper because that house's Hoffmann is indisposed, even though there is an excellent tenor at the Städtische Oper who performs the same part there frequently.

THE WEST'S Städtische Oper, representative of present-day Germany's better companies, has an extraordinary repertory. It performs such experimental works as Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron,* such German novelties as Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande,* plus practically all the current operatic staples. Although the standard sometimes sags when a work remains in the repertory for a long time, the general musical level is high. The company includes a number of stars who are not permanently in the city, but a solid nucleus of local singers forms a respectable ensemble. There is little radical or anti-traditional about the Städtische productions, which are more often competent than brilliant. Nevertheless, the general standard is a satisfying one.

This is not the case in the East, where operatic production, like everything else, is a matter of extremes. The Staatsoper, for instance, performs a relatively conservative repertory, and often lacks the personnel to do so with real distinction. The vocal quality fluctuates, due in part to the singers' bad training, and also to the fact that a shocking percentage of the artists are past their vocal primes. But East Berlin also boasts the Komische Oper of Walter Felsenstein.

Because of Felsenstein's artistic stature, he is given virtual carte blanche by the East German government to use the funds alloted his company as he pleases. This is a considerable advantage, for financing a Felsenstein production would be practically impossible in most houses. Felsenstein is a perfectionist, and he refuses to raise the curtain for the public until he is satisfied that his supposed ideal standard has been approached. Thus a *Carmen* production, for instance, once underwent over a hundred stage rehearsals before the often postponed premiere finally took place. Furthermore, Felsenstein insists on working with a single set of performers, and prepares no substitutes for emergencies. When after a period of time there must be a cast change, he re-rehearses until the second interpreter has gained the level of acting insight supposedly reached by his predecessor.

The Komische Oper repertory embraces only those works which its director finds dramatically valid. One may sample such varied fare as Paisiello's seldom-heard *Barber of Seville* (a charming Baroque forerunner of the better-known Rossini version), Puccini's grand-scale *Turandot* (not ideal for the intimate proportions of the theater), and a *Tales of Hoffmann* that combines portions of the original Barbier-Carré play with most of Offenbach's unfinished score.

Despite the location of the Komische Oper, Felsenstein has been able to maintain a remarkable degree of political anonymity. One finds a few traces of the Communist Party line here and there, but these usually have artistic justification. The role of religion in Sarastro's mystic order is de-emphasized completely in the Felsenstein *Zauberfloete,* for instance. The East Zone influence must be at least partially responsible for policies of repertory, but there are no pure propaganda works of any kind at the Komische Oper, and if the regime is the cause for playing such works as Janacek's *Cunning Little Fox* or the projected *War and Peace* of Prokofieff, it is only to be congratulated.

THE EAST Berlin authorities obviously know that Felsenstein represents an artistic trump card, and he is treated accordingly. The director, in turn, accepts politically-tinted honors with courtesy, but neither extraordinary pride nor enthusiasm. Felsenstein seems a good deal more impressed with the citation won by his *Hoffmann* at the Paris Festival than with the East German National Prize which he was awarded three times, or with the East Berlin Goethe Prize.

The souvenir book issued to commemorate the first post-war decade of activity at the Komische Oper contains one of the rare traces of an overt mixing of politics with art. Here Felsenstein credits the strong theatrical impulse of East Berlin to the sympathetic cultural policies of the Soviet occupation forces and their followers. Yet, taken within context, even such a declaration has little meaning; it is nothing more than the sentiments of flattery and gratitude customary at any anniversary celebration.

The varied works that make up the Komische Oper repertory have in common only Felsenstein's conviction of their dramatic validity. It is this same dramatic validity that makes Felsenstein performances exciting experiences, for the actual musical values are often given secondary treatment. Since the audiences include a generous portion of workers sent by their factories as well as many others who would not normally attend opera performances, a new audience is being formed in Berlin. It is regrettable that this new opera-going public, so attracted by the remarkable theatrical effects, often is offered a misrepresentation of the opera's musical qualities. For Felsenstein likes to return to the source of the opera's libretto and produce the work in question as if it were being given on the legitimate stage. To do this he may re-write dialogue and recitatives, edit, transpose scenes, cut portions of the score, and—if necessary—alter the musical requirements to suit dramatic ones. Still, oblivious to all this, most of the East Berlin audience is remarkably enthusiastic, and—like most German audiences—not very critical.

The public's enthusiasm carries over to the buffet at intermission time, when Russian champagne is dispensed at East Berlin prices. This makes such com-

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modities most accessible to those on a West German budget, since our West German mark is exchanged for over four East marks. But non-Easterners may make purchases, officially, only in such indisputed cultural centers as the opera—and the opera's bar.

No comment is needed to elaborate on the fact that Felsenstein himself and a good percentage of his staff live in West Berlin and commute daily to the Komische Oper. The East Berlin authorities seem to have no real objection to this, despite the contradictions that are implicit in the situation, Even though they are deprived of some of the traditional theatrical glamour, artists are treated with respect in East Berlin, and many are even paid, at least partially, in highly valued Western currency.

The American tourist too is treated well, even though the hazards of a divided city do not make inter-sector commuting particularly convenient. Perhaps it is felt that courtesy and personal warmth can compensate for taxis that are reluctant to drive into the uninsured territories of foreign sectors; for customs officials who confiscate purchases of books and records from tourists at border subway stations; for the three-hour ritual needed to procure a transit visa for entering or leaving Berlin by car or bus; or for the East Berlin store owners who are forbidden to sell even an aspirin or a sandwich to a non-resident.

These are just superficial symptoms of Berlin's sickness. But such matters are forgotten along with East Berlin's otherwise dismal exterior when one listens to *Zauberfloete* or *Rosenkavalier*. Nothing, not even such surroundings, can stifle completely the charms of Mozart or Strauss.

THE SCREEN

ALL THAT A MOTHER CAN MEAN

KNOWING what side their bread is buttered on, most movie makers will no doubt continue to stress the sentimental and sacred view of motherhood, but some producers are currently going out of their way to face the other side of the coin with an emphasis on grim reality and the teachings of Freud. Outstanding among these new films is "Sons and Lovers," made from the famous autobiographical novel written by D. H. Lawrence in 1913 with less dependence on the master of psychoanalysis than on Lawrence's reminiscences of his own mother-dominated young manhood in a grubby Midlands coal town. American producer Jerry Wald wisely went to England to make his picture, which has all the flavor of an English film. Freddie Francis's extraordinarily handsome black-and-white photography of the industrial town, the coal-mining village and countryside could very well be the Nottinghamshire Lawrence had in mind. And the cast, under Jack Cardiff's excellent direction, have caught the spirit of Lawrence's characters extremely well.

On the whole the screenplay, written by Gavin Lambert and T.E.B. Clarke and often using dialogue from *Sons and Lovers,* is a faithful screen translation of the novel. At times it condenses the lengthy book too rapidly, but it must be credited for giving Director Cardiff opportunity to capture the feel of the plot and characters without making another of the seemingly endless movies that are in vogue today.

If the film's morals and inconclusive ending call for criticism, the blame must be put on Lawrence. His is basically a story of a young man so dominated by his doting mother that he cannot love the two women who love him and with whom he has sexual relationships. Dean Stockwell, the only American in the cast, plays this sensitive mother-loving, father-hating Paul Morel with effective weakness and strength. Wendy Hiller and Trevor Howard are practically perfect as his parents, the mother whose distaste for her husband has accentuated her possessiveness for her son, and the hard-drinking, somewhat brutish father who understands the situation but is helpless before it. Also giving good performances are Mary Ure and Heather Sears as the two women with whom Paul has affairs that fail to break the silver cord. "Sons and Lovers" is obviously an adult movie, and even some adults may be squeamish about its frankness. It is nevertheless outstanding as an example of how faithful a film can be to a good book and for its presentation of a mother-son affinity.

IN HIS new thriller, producer-director Alfred Hitchcock tackles a similar theme and carries it even further: his leading character is so mother-smothered that he has himself all confused with his mother. And, in "Psycho," Hitchcock pushes everything as far as it can go: the violence, the sex, the thrills and the gore. Shortly after Janet Leigh steals forty thousand dollars and runs away from Phoenix to join her boy friend (John Gavin), she stops at a lonely motel run by Anthony Perkins, who's an odd-ball devoted to his mother and collection of stuffed birds. Janet's next mistake is in accepting a sandwich from this boy; and later, when she's taking a shower, an arm with a butcher knife reaches in and stabs her again and again—in one of the bloodiest scenes ever shown in a movie.

I'm not giving away any of the picture's secrets, and don't intend to; the big suspense in Joseph Stefano's script, based on a novel by Robert Bloch, comes through further revelations of the mother-son theme

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as the plot thickens and Janet's sister (Vera Miles) comes looking for Janet, and a private investigator (Martin Balsam) comes looking for the forty thousand. Murder follows murder. While there's nothing particularly subtle about the film, it certainly is scarey; and Hitchcock uses his good cast and gloomy motel set, with a neighboring Victorian house, to add to the shock. Shocko, in fact, along with proving that mother isn't necessarily a boy's best friend, seems to be Hitchcock's only aim in "Psycho."

FATHERS as well as mothers get most of the blame for the erratic behavior of the four leads in "All the Fine Young Cannibals." It all starts in Texas where Robert Wagner is the neglected son of a minister, Natalie Wood is the daughter of a stern puritanical father, and George Hamilton and Susan Kohner, as brother and sister, are the spoiled, unloved children of wealthy parents. When Robert gets Natalie pregnant, she leaves to have her baby in New York; but on the train she is picked up by George, who marries her and takes her to Yale with him. (Yale ought to sue.) They are joined by disagreeable Susan who adds to their problems. And later in New York, when they catch up with Robert, who is now a famous trumpet player, Susan makes a play for Robert, marries him and makes him miserable too. All this goes on and on, and while the cast, particularly Pearl Bailey as a hard-drinking singer, try to make this absurd plot plausible, the cards are stacked against them and they haven't a chance. If producer Pandro S. Berman is trying to say that all the fine young cannibals got that way because of their parents, he fails to make his point. His picture does have some success at the finale, which indicates that these confused young people may somehow be able to straighten out their lives. I suppose the moral, if any, is that the lost generation may sometimes be found in spite of its elders. But looking for a moral in this picture is like looking for a needle in a moldy haystack.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE EICHMANN CASE

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: In your editorial of June 24 you raised some questions concerning the forthcoming trial of Adolf Eichmann in Israel. In view of your remarks and the general interest in the subject we thought that your many readers might welcome a clarification of the Israeli point of view.

The principle of holding a trial where the crime was committed does not apply to our case. Eichmann's crimes were committed in many countries and not only in Germany, and he could be made accountable to a war crimes tribunal in at least ten countries, but the fact is that Israel is the one which found Eichmann and this gives her the legal right to try him.

Moreover, under the terms of the Moscow Declaration, agreed upon by the United States, the United Kingdom and the Soviet Government on October 30, 1943, the crimes attributed to Eichmann do not constitute crimes of any "specific geographical locality," consequently, the normal principle of "territoriality of jurisdiction" is inapplicable. The argument that a trial should take place where the crime was committed assumes the existence of generally accepted rules of international law governing the competence of national penal courts. But there are no such rules of international law and it is left to the sovereign rule of each individual state to decide the limits of its own criminal jurisdiction.

The rationale of the above-mentioned principle is based on the assumption that the place where the crime was committed is usually where the corpus delicti is and where most of the witnesses and the evidence can be found. However, this principle has no clear international application and there are alternative criteria, such as the nationality of the defendant, or the interest of the state to which the victims belong. The concentration in Israel of 300,000 survivors, the most extensive documentation on file, and the special Jewish character of the State of Israel make her a suitable venue for the trial.

In his "International Law" Dr. Schwarzenberger has shown that international law does not prohibit "a state from exercising jurisdiction in its own territory in respect of any case which relates to acts which have taken place abroad." The London *Times* (May 25) editorialized on these questions as follows: "The determination of the Government of Israel to bring Adolf Eichmann to trial on a capital charge in a national court is not formally illegal. Israel, as a sovereign state, is entitled to treat any person physically within its territory in accordance with its own law. Furthermore, Israel is a successor state to Palestine under which the British Mandate was part of the allied collectivity to which Germany, by the act of unconditional surrender, abdicated its sovereignty. . . . It is not disputed that a sovereign state may make laws having extra-territorial application, nor that its laws may have retrospective effect. More simply, a sovereign state is not answerable to any external authority for what it chooses to do to a person in its power."

The German press, too, seems to support Israel's position. "Any legal basis is acceptable to us that guarantees an orderly trial," the Frankfurter *Rundschau* commented. The Frankfurter *Allegemeine Zeitung* was even more emphatic when it remarked, "We in Ger-

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many who were unable to bring Eichmann before a court of our own should now have confidence in Israeli jurisdiction."

The suggestion is sometimes made that Eichmann be brought to trial before the World Court. In addition to the positive reasons requiring Eichmann to stand trial in Israel, the following points should be made:

Firstly, the World Court as now constituted is an international juridical body authorized under its charter only to adjudge disputes between states. It has no jurisdiction whatever over individuals.

Secondly, no international criminal court is in existence. The International War Crimes Tribunals were disbanded over ten years ago and no call has been made for their reconstitution.

Thirdly, the United Nations had to give up any attempts to set up such a permanent court in view of the lack of readiness of its members to support such a step. Israel itself twice proposed the establishment of such machinery—in 1951 and 1953—however, without success. The last time an attempt was made to raise the matter at the General Assembly was in 1954. Sufficient votes could not be found then even to put the suggestion on the agenda, and since then the whole proposal has no longer formed part of U.N. jurisprudence and deliberations.

Fourthly, the highest organ of the U.N., the Security Council, had full opportunity to go into this matter during the debate on the Argentine complaint against Israel. It should again be stressed that not a single member of the Security Council proposed the return to such a procedure.

Finally, an international tribunal is not, and never has been, an essential part of the mechanism for dealing with war criminals. National tribunals have always been fully competent.

The claim that the Nazi crimes were directed not only against the Jews but against humanity as a whole is only partly correct and can by no means bar Israel from trying Eichmann. Eichmann's satanic "final solution" of the Jewish problem contemplated the complete extermination of all the Jews regardless of their nationality. As the German daily, the *Neue Ruhr Zeitung,* aptly put it, "Eichmann's 'final solution' was aimed at the Jews and not at the nationalities on their passports."

Another objection raised is that Israel has no right to try Eichmann in the name of the Jewish people. But, surely, Israel does not seek to represent nor does she wish to speak for millions of Jews wherever they are; on the other hand, she is determined not to yield her inherent right to speak on any Jewish subject. Israel considers herself duty bound and fully justified in dealing with Jewish matters such as the prevention of the recurrence of another Nazi holocaust. Moreover, as has already been pointed out, there are in Israel over 300,000 survivors of Nazi concentration camps, and the invalid homes of the American Joint Distribution Committee (Malben) in Israel house no less than 20,000 other victims of Eichmann's crimes. For that reason alone, Israel forms a unique venue for jurisdiction in this matter.

GIDEON TADMOR,
Second Secretary,
Embassy of Israel.

REPLY

WE ARE grateful to Mr. Tadmor for presenting this full statement of "the Israeli point of view" in the Eichmann case. His letter is, as he says, chiefly devoted to an exposition of the Israeli point of view, and not to the opinions expressed by The Commonweal's editorial. That editorial emphasized our sympathy for the Israeli position, and our reluctance to dismiss the arguments advanced in support of that position, but went on to say that "we cannot help but feel that Israel's conduct of the Eichmann affair thus far has been at least open to serious question and . . . that its determination to carry out the trial will turn out to be a grave mistake."

Most of the opinions Mr. Tadmor cites—which may be countered by other opinions—deal with one aspect or another of the problems of extra-territorial justice, but not with all of them together. Mr. Tadmor makes no mention of the violation of Argentine sovereignty by Israeli agents who entered the country illegally and illegally removed Eichmann from that sovereign state. He does not mention Argentina's violent protests against this action and Argentina's proposal that Eichmann be tried by a special United Nations tribunal (not the World Court, an existing international criminal court or a permanent U.N. court). The fact that most Germans are not eager to assume responsibility for Eichmann's trial is hardly surprising; the German response to this suggestion might even be cited as a reason in favor of such a solution.

"Israel does not seek to represent nor does she wish to speak for millions of Jews wherever they are," says Mr. Tadmor. But the clear statements of Premier Ben-Gurion gave quite a contrary impression, and not only to the editors of The Commonweal. As for Israel's right and duty in "the prevention of the recurrence of another Nazi holocaust," it was precisely to this point that our editorial was addressed. We said: "The possibility of bringing to light the full horror and tragedy of Nazism—for the instruction and improvement of the world conscience—seems far more likely to be achieved by either of the alternatives put forward [trial for Eichmann in Germany or by a U.N. tribunal] than by the trial and punishment of Eichmann by Jews only, under Jewish law, and in defiance of the opinions of so large a part of the world." —THE EDITORS.

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ESSENTIALLY A POET

The Elusive Henry Green

by MAX COSMAN

HENRY GREEN'S artistic development is directly related to the history of his life. It is important, to start with, that he came of upper-middle class stock with a tradition of responsibility. Had he not had an obligation to the family's engineering business (run for about two hundred years "on a father-to-son basis," Nigel Dennis informs us), he might have subsided into that rôle of esthete which intrigued him at Eton and Oxford.

There is even the possibility that he could have become the *flâneur* he catches to the quick in characters like Max Adey or John Pomfret. Eventually, in response to some lingering creative tic, he might have delivered himself of a volume distinguished solely by its I-knew-them-when recollections of those more successful than himself like Christopher Isherwood and Alan Pryce-Jones.

It is also important that chronology brought him to maturity in the late twenties and early thirties. For he saw one of the great sociological movements of history unroll before him, and, though he never became part of it as Stephen Spender or John Lehmann did, he nevertheless acquired perceptions that were to mark his treatment of workers in *Living,* firefighters in *Caught,* servants in *Loving,* and, as might be expected of one with an eye for the ridiculous in his own class, idle rich in *Party Going* and *Nothing.*

Social awareness may even be said to have introduced him to much that is typical of his style. For granted that he owes various practices of his to identifiable writers—Hemingway and Faulkner come readily to mind—it is rather to the working class he knew in Birmingham that he is indebted for his feeling for colloquialism and natural conversation, and even for something as minor as summing up experience laconically, as he does in his titles.

These considerations tie in with another biographical factor. The first thing to note about his interest in writing is its triumph over environment. How much a triumph that is may be gauged by the mannered dulness he portrays in the Dupret and Weatherby households. A second is the threat it faced during Armageddon. *Pack My Bag* illuminates much but certainly nothing more poignant than his morbidity during the early months of World War II. His repeated and no doubt representative apprehension of death gives a grim edging to what we now smugly call one of England's finest hours.

But the most stultifying force it had to contend with, in the context of which we are speaking, can be no other than the family business already referred to. In his relationship to H. Pontifex & Sons, manufacturers of equipment for the food-and-drink trade, lies explanation enough of his wavering record as writer: a ten-year gap between *Living* and *Party Going,* a three-year gap between *Pack My Bag* and *Caught,* and another of eight already in prospect between *Doting,* his last book, and the anticipated *London and Fire, 1940.*

Incidentally, in this employment with Pontifex & Sons, we have his motive both for assuming the pseudonym of Green—his real name is Henry V. Yorke—and for taking those photographs in public places which show him either with face covered or back turned. The point is that as an industrialist of rank he feels he could never afford to be known as a writer. Imagine, he observed recently, a customer, at the end of settlement which has deteriorated into a compromise painful to both sides, saying, "I suppose you are going to put this in a novel."

MATERIAL of this sort or of less anecdotal nature like his penchant for untutored characters—there is not a single artist or functioning thinker among his Roes, Raunces, and Rocks—is treated unbiographically, if at all, in Mr. Edward Stokes' study, *The Novels of Henry Green* (Macmillan, $4.50). The reason is simple enough; it is not that kind of book. An exhaustive analysis of Green's writings, it moves along the textual lines traditional for its genre, even as if satisfies the spirit of statistical inquiry so prevalent in our time.

Mr. Stokes' over-all view, indicated some three years ago, by the way, in a periodical of his native Australia, is that Green is one of the most individual novelists now writing, that he is elusive and enigmatic because of an interest in artistry rather than propaganda or journalism, and that he is to be understood, since he is essentially a poet, in vision, imagery, symbolism, and language as well as in character and plot.

As befits an academic—he is senior lecturer in English at the University of Tasmania—Mr. Stokes

Mr. Cosman is a frequent contributor to various American critical and scholarly journals.

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takes into account the criticism extant on his subject. In effect, this means the findings of those in favor of Green, say Walter Allen, V. S. Pritchett, Philip Toynbee, and Mark Schorer plus others no less perspicacious if less known like Giorgio Melchiori, James Hall, and Robert Phelps. It also means the animadversions of those antipathetic to him—C. P. Snow and Orville Prescott, most notably.

Thorough, then, how odd of Mr. Stokes that he should have missed a commentator like P. H. Newby *(The Novel, 1945-1950).* Or have heard nothing of *Mood*, the novel Green began in the late twenties and left unfinished because his love for the original of the Constance in the manuscript died a week or so before the last words of the novel were written.

But integrating the mass of material he does have, and, in addition, tabulating and measuring for himself Green's elements of expression, Mr. Stokes comes to a host of conclusions, the most characteristic of which are highly idiosyncratic. *"Loving,"* says one of them, "has more preterit verbs than any other novel except *Living.*" "Blue," goes a second, "is actually the most frequently occurring colour in *Caught.*" "Natural imagery," points out still another, "is more plentiful in *Concluding* than in any novel since *Party Going.*" And a fourth, apropos of sentence-lengths, reports that "*Back* is much closer to *Loving, Nothing,* and *Doting* than to the other novels."

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Such information may very well cause some readers to feel as Walt Whitman did when he heard a certain learned astronomer anatomize the mystery of the stars. It has had no such effect, however, on Mr. Green. Quite the contrary. It has impressed him very favorably. A recent interview, taking up the point whether critical opinion about his books was profitable or not, reports him as saying, "Invariably useless and uninteresting—when it is of daily papers or weeklies which give so little space nowadays. But there is a man called Edward Stokes who has written a book about me and who knows all too much."

HOSPITALITY to significant criticism is, of course, nothing new for Mr. Green. Like all who work in the vineyard of James and Joyce and Virginia Woolf, he has thought very critically about his craft. He has adjusted its language "the greatest orchestra" a person may conduct. He has formulated his creative aim, in a transcendental manner to be sure, as one which is "to create a life which is not. That is to say, a life which does not eat, procreate, or drink, but which can live in people who are alive." He has evolved esthetic postulates like "It is only by an aggregate of words over a period followed by an action, that we obtain in life, a glimmering of what is going on in someone or ourselves." Indeed, on a given occasion, making note of the fact that conversation in everyday life was the principal means of communication between people, he permitted himself this prophecy: "I for one maintain that dialogue will be the mainstay of novels for a while."

All this and more must not be taken to prove that he is content with theory for the sake of theory. *Caught, Loving, Back,* and *Concluding,* his most impressive novels to date, are studded with exemplifications. Early linguistic stunts like "in the foundry was now sharp smell of burnt sand" may be gone, but in their place are such verbal charms as "climbing around and up these trees of mourning, was rose after rose after rose, while, here and there, the spray overburdened by the mass of flowers, a live wreath lay fallen on a wreath of stone, or on a box in marble colder than this day. . . ."

There are also attempts, and very successful they are, to snare the desired essence of life. "While Inglefield kept the instruments hard at it," reads a description of a dance of girls, "the original parties began to break up, to step back over the wax mirror floor out of one another's arms, moving sideways by such as would not be parted yet, each to tap a second favorite on a bare, quiet shoulder. Then the girl so chosen would give a little start, open those great shut eyes, much greater than jewels as she circled and, circling yet, would dip into those fresh limbs which moved already in the dance, disengaging thus to leave her first choice to slip sideways in turn past established, whirling

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partners until she found another who was loved and yet alone."

And ever, of course, there is the reliance on dialogue, as prepossessional to Green as to Ivy Compton-Burnett. Realistically or fancifully, symbolically or hallucinatorily, each cluster of conversation pieces revolves about its specific core. Whether this be a fireman's forcing of a sister, a servant's search for effectuation, a veteran's return to normalcy, or an old scientist's coping with inimical society, the underlying thesis is the same: man's internal world is one of blindness and doting, of loneliness and bungling, and it is all inescapably a part of an external world of change.

The vision is wry but its civilized content, evocative description and lasting pertinence entitle Mr. Green to a place with the top novelists of our era.

BOOKS

The Christian Vision Across Space and Time

SAINTS WHO MADE HISTORY: The First Five Centuries. By Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

By PHILIP BURNHAM

THERE IS an attractive exuberance in Maisie Ward's *Saints Who Made History*. Every passage and every page works to fill the mind and imagination with the early history and present life of Christianity. It is a really massive communication of information, with an approach and organization primarily intellectual and theological. The shape and focus, and the truth, of the Church's outlook upon the world and toward God are the author's great concern.

In the thought and charity of the saints, the Christian vision and society are alive and visible across space and time. Translation from one time to another, however, from language to language, and from one set of circumstances to other circumstances, is no mechanical, cut and dried process. An intense work of personal creation is required of the translator. "Newman," the author tells us, "remarks quaintly that it appears impertinent for him to be arbitrating between saints." The problem is more than quaint: to judge, as the historian must tentatively try to do, between differing and even contending saints; and to estimate in the lives of particular saints whether they are saints *because* of certain things, or *despite* them. Maisie Ward handles the situation with objectivity and prudence, and without suppressing her own style.

The selection of saints appears almost inevitable, because of the winnowing of 1,500 years and the convincingness of the writer. Nevertheless, everyone inevitably finds different saints in different degrees spontaneously *simpático*. After presenting the wholly heroic "post-Apostolic" martyrs, St. Ignatius of Antioch and St. Polycarp, the author dwells upon "the Apologists," Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and the great but errant Origen. These complex men, depicted as bent upon bringing Christianity to the educated pagans and to the philosophers, and determined to bring into the Church the riches left by God within the gentile "Dispensation of Paganism," tend to test the mind and the sympathies. The book exalts them with insistent understanding.

Irenaeus, with his powerful, tradition- and Rome-based theology, St. Anthony of the Desert, and the great Athanasius, then, appeal more directly to the ruder, crusading side of the Christian temperament. Next the book treats with special appreciation St. Basil and "the Cappadocians." Despite the author's predilection, it still appears that Athanasius towers over Basil in contest with the Arians and the Caesars, and that St. Basil was almost an amateur in the ascetic and monastic life compared to Anthony and Benedict. The Cappadocians—St. Gregory Nazianzen especially, but even Basil—seen struggling earnestly but almost nervously for Christianity, and also working pathetically for very rhetorical remnants of ancient culture, remain to the ordinary, Western taste a rather special cup of tea. In the opposite direction, the author deals with St. Monica unenthusiastically, rather humoring her in the course of the admiring chronicle of Monica's son, Augustine. . . . "She prayed and wept and ran around consulting bishops." But Monica, surely, took salvation seriously; and she proved to be in her way a supreme teacher.

Chrysostom, Ambrose, Jerome; St. Augustine, St. Patrick and Leo the Great are the saints who follow St. Basil with chapters of their own. The last chapter, covering the years around the Emperor Justinian and St. Benedict, depicts how "a world ends and a world begins," when the Roman Empire of the West disappeared and foundations were laid in dark ages for a new civilization to come.

Of the great collective movements during the period (leaving out the Church itself), the book deals most firmly and fully with Arianism. Compared with the exposition of Arianism, the treatment of the Fall of Rome itself is muted. The earlier heresy of Gnosticism, and later Monophysitism, although they are not neglected, seem also relatively diminished. This perhaps makes the life of St. Leo less magnificent than it could be, and the Byzantine Empire less comprehensible. Arianism, as a "Christian" doctrine which yet deprives Christ of Godhead, has tragic current religious relevance. Arianism was also a social and institutional "movement" of inescapable current interest, paralleling in strange ways the movement of secular Communism. But there are energetic patrons in the early Church to furnish aid in almost any need, and *Saints Who Made History* shows extremely well the significance they have for their followers today.

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A Meditation on Power

IMPERIAL CAESAR. By Rex Warner. Atlantic-Little Brown. $5.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

ABOUT THREE or four years ago I read Mr. Warner's translation of Thucydides' *The Peloponnesian War*. It was my opinion then that any man who had studied Thucydides thoroughly enough to translate his work so well must have a good deal of political wisdom. Certainly much of that work is significant, not only for its relevance to ancient Greek politics, but for its extraordinary, and accidental, relevance to twentieth century power struggles.

Now Mr. Warner's fictional biography of Caesar can be added to his five other novels as well as his book of essays, *The Cult of Power*, which I intend to read in the near future.

Imperial Caesar is a monologue in Caesar's voice. It is the early hours of the Ides of March. Caesar has not slept; rather he lies in bed and remembers his career from his arrival in Gaul to take command of the tenth Legion to the present hour. Caesar was a politician before he was a general, and the one fact made clear in Warner's book—were it not for the jargon involved, I'd call it a psychography rather than a biography—is that Caesar, however much he loved soldiering, always preferring the company of his legionnaires to Roman society, was first a politician and second a general. And that, of course, goes a long way towards explaining not only his military successes but the bitter enmity he provoked as well.

As in Thucydides' Greece, Rome was divided into ideologically hostile camps. After the death of Crassus, Pompey and Caesar split, not because both wanted power but because Pompey wanted power within the existing structure and Caesar saw, or thought, that the so-called existing structure no longer truly existed. This is best brought out in Caesar's conversation with Marcus Brutus after the battle of Pharsalus. Brutus had opposed Caesar but he was now willing to go part way with him if only because of Caesar's generous refusal to take reprisals. He was also much impressed by the many projects Caesar had in mind. But Caesar writes:

"Often, as I spoke to him, he became almost enthusiastic. But often too a cloud would seem to descend upon his face. 'There is something,' he said, 'which I call *liberty*, and which I admit is difficult to define. Will any amount of efficiency and happiness make up for the loss of it?' "

Caesar remarks that at that moment he felt much affection for the young man and yet he thinks him mistaken, doctrinaire; and he believes that the "liberty," which Brutus prizes, is, in the then state of Roman society, only possible for rich men and soldiers. As Lincoln once said, some men conceive of liberty as the right to enjoy the fruit of their own labors, while other men conceive of it as the right to enjoy the fruit of the labors of others. The wolf protests loudly at being driven from the throat of the sheep to which, he argues, he has a natural right, especially since the sheep is a black one.

I am not leading up to a restatement of the more things change, the more, etc. The platitude is misleading. What I am going to say is that Warner's book, being a meditation on power, will not teach us anything new. We knew long ago that men cry for peace and yet love the excitement of disorder; that they demand bread but will take another man's bread to buy a pint of wine or a jar of jam. And yet, for all that, history is *not* bunk; if nothing else it reveals more clearly the depth and scope of our ignorance and folly, which is one of the steps to humility, an admirable virtue for all to strive after but particularly for politicians and "gods," among whom Caesar numbered himself.

The Selection of Recollections

PAST AND PRESENT. By Monika Mann. St. Martin's Press. $4.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

WHAT PEOPLE remember of their childhoods is often more revelatory of their present selves than of their past experience. This is a truism, yet one that is always being demonstrated strikingly, anew.

Reading *Past and Present* in a household in many respects similar to the Manns', one with many children and many books, with a father who often strums the piano casually for his own amusement, with a beneficence of gifted guests who come and go, with an attic full of mice, a tree-shaded lawn, a somewhat rustic setting in a busy city, a life crowded with telephone messages and letters and friends, simple food, wine and beer, music and newspapers, mending baskets and sketching pads, kittens and toys and perpetually overflowing wastebaskets, pictures and photograph records, cameras and teen agers and little folk—seeing all these similarities, I wonder, marvel, at the wealth of detail Monika Mann puts into her memoir, but even more I marvel at what she must have left out.

And will these young people around me now also forget the squabbles among themselves, the hot rivalries and the deep emotions that cause them, the times when their parents "blow up" at them in overwhelming exasperation, the times as often when they "blow up" at parents over some real or fancied slight? Is it that the Manns, mother sleeping late under her blue eiderdown in the bedroom that was the center of the house, father remote in his study or out walking the dog in the geometrical garden, one gay peasant maid or another presiding in the kitchen—did the Manns live always serenely, with nothing more

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alarming than midnight ghost stories in the attic, nothing worse for Monika when her younger siblings arrived than a sudden access of "maternal" feelings?

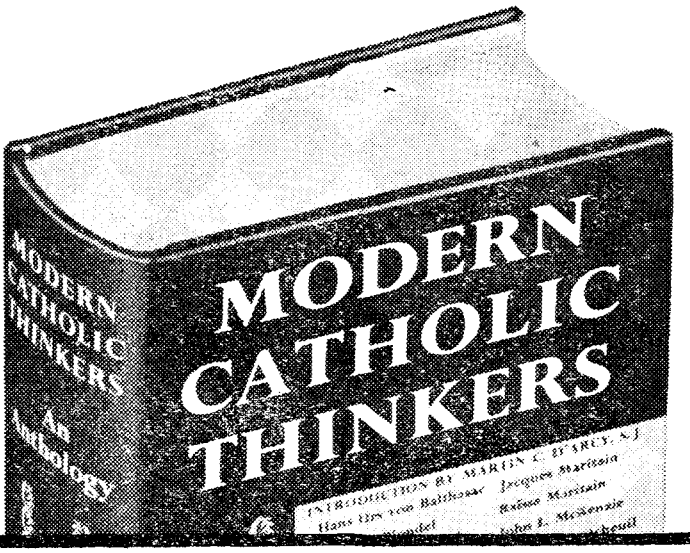
No, it is inconceivable. She *has* left something out. A great deal, in fact; no child of mine could present such a subdued account of his early years, with everything blended away into memories of mother gay and consoling and of father perhaps a little austere but always loving and admiring.

One must read Monika Mann closely to guess the remainder. So little about father's work, aside from the picture of him writing in his study at tea time; Monika had no part in the work, although she records, with a sad pride, that two or three of *her friends* were bases for characters in his books. Not much about her sisters and brothers, either pro or con: the strange little girl who did, however, have a sense of fun "once you got to know her," and the young Jewish musician-boy have far more space, as Monika's friends.

And, startling in its immediacy, out-of-key with the rest of the book, the anecdote about how Papa used to play with Monika's long, beautiful hair at the table (when Monika was small enough to have to sit up on a cushion), and once got the knife-rest tangled in her curls so that it took time and pain to get it out again.

Perhaps it is simply that Monika Mann has a nature too reserved to put all on paper, spread for the general eye. This must be part of the truth, for after a somewhat incoherent but also somewhat beautiful chapter describing her marriage and her husband's early death (their escape-ship bound for the United States was torpedoed during the second World War), she gives his name for the first time in the last sentence: "His name was Jenoe Lànyi."

Miss Mann's place-descriptions are beautiful; she gives us sections of Germany and middle Europe, California and Princeton, New Jersey; above all, the great capitals, Rome, New York and London. Her analysis of New York is, in its own



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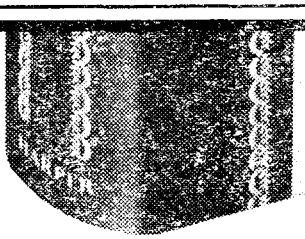

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way, accurate, although each lover adds what he sees to the scene and quarrels with the praises of rivals; someone else may find New York less lonely than Miss Mann does, and the alcoholic progression of days and parties less foreign.

On the whole, Miss Mann's point of view is "hopelessly" European, as she herself acknowledges: in the sense Karl Stern has remarked, that beyond a certain point, Europeans and Americans can rarely understand each other. This is especially true when a difference in generation also occurs. Yet, beyond these differences, there can be a more nuclear meeting of human hearts, and on this most basic ground, *Past and Present* is a nostalgic and surprisingly girlish souvenir of days and times more distant than the calendar span can indicate.

REVIEWERS

Philip Burnham, a former editor of The Commonweal, contributes frequently to these pages.

Thomas F. Curley is the author of *It's A Wise Child*, recently published by New Authors Guild.

Jean Holzhauer is a regular contributor.

ART

Poussin and Rouault

OUT OF THE lavish fare offered by art exhibitions in Paris this summer, two in particular stand out —two poles in taste—to most impress this visitor. The first is, not surprisingly, the Poussin exhibit at the Louvre, which by sheer size and importance (unbelievably, it is the first full-scale retrospective ever given of the seventeenth-century master) is bound to become a main course in any esthetic feast. The other happened to be a very small exhibit at the Galerie Creuzevault of that enigmatic modern master, Georges Rouault.

The Poussin retrospective presents one hundred and twenty paintings from all over the world—including the "flower" of the celebrated Hermitage collection in Leningrad—as well as one hundred and twenty drawings. Two enormous galleries in the Louvre were cleared to display the paintings, and yet they seemed crowded in, almost indigestibly. Desirable as it is to have the opportunity of seeing the full extent of a great artist's work, this exhibition seemed to prove one can perhaps have too much of a good thing. *The Rape of the Sabine Women, The Crossing of the Red Sea, The Adoration of the Golden Calf* in their several versions seem almost too rich for simultaneous consumption. However, it is proof of Poussin's genius that out of this overabundance the monumental calm and crystalline light of his classical world finally overwhelm the visitor and individual works memorably detach themselves from the mass.

Moses Saved From the Water (#57 from the two in the Louvre collection) is a work in which

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that trance-like atmosphere bathed by an unearthly light is marvelously achieved; even a flying headdress is motionless in the magic stasis of the poetic landscape. *Landscape With a Woman Washing Her Feet* (Ottawa) is another; here the figure is less important and more deeply a part of the opulent landscape which is richly twilit against a still-bright sky. In *Landscape With St. Matthew* (Berlin) an angel is the center of the landscape-architecture of ruins, water and blue distance bathed in sunless light. The famous *Shepherds of Arcady* (Louvre), where youth and beauty stand like statues around a tomb with the inscription "I too have lived in Arcady," is essentially another lunar landscape where all is modulation and harmony. These masterpieces leave powerful images of Poussin's world, like mementoes of some journey to Olympus.

The Rouault exhibit, on the other hand, was very small indeed. However, within this limited selection of his paintings (and a handful of drawings and engravings) for the first time in my own experience Rouault's intense, personal eloquence struck with concentrated force. Heretofore his genius had impressed me as poisoned by a profoundly misanthropic spirit, one that saw humanity and the Redemption through the wrong end of a telescope. In this group of paintings, a number of which were among his last, a sense of pity seems to bloom and the irony of this forceful painter to lose some of its narrow morbid quality without losing eloquence.

The flavor is sharpest in one entitled *Notre Jeanne*: with that black elliptical outline of forms and sumptuous color that recall the artist's early training in stained glass, the figure of St. Joan on horseback is created with mute ardor. The horse has the heaviness of a workhorse and "Jeanne" has a blunt, peasant look. But her head is uplifted (it is done with one simple thick line) in a way that conveys unforgettably the knowledge that she is rapt, listening to her Voices. The hushed reserve and simplicity of the image is overwhelming. In this painting the humble being is indeed transfigured, and in the light of it the whole group of paintings was transformed for me.

The most essential contrast between Poussin and Rouault is one that illuminates the esthetic taste of their times; it presents itself as dominant even over the immense gulf that separates the individual genius of these French artists. In Poussin the ideal is explicit and all is perfection and polish; in Rouault the ideal is submerged and only conveyed by suggestion and ellipsis. *Connaissance* recently spoke of the modern taste for the "unfinished"; it is this predilection that makes itself felt in almost all contemporary painting, where so much is left out and so much achieved merely by compelling hints. Although among modern masters Rouault is one who fullfills traditional requirements to a great degree, he is nevertheless truly a contemporary spirit who through an intense economy—without dotting the i's or crossing the t's—creates a unique world of eloquent forms.

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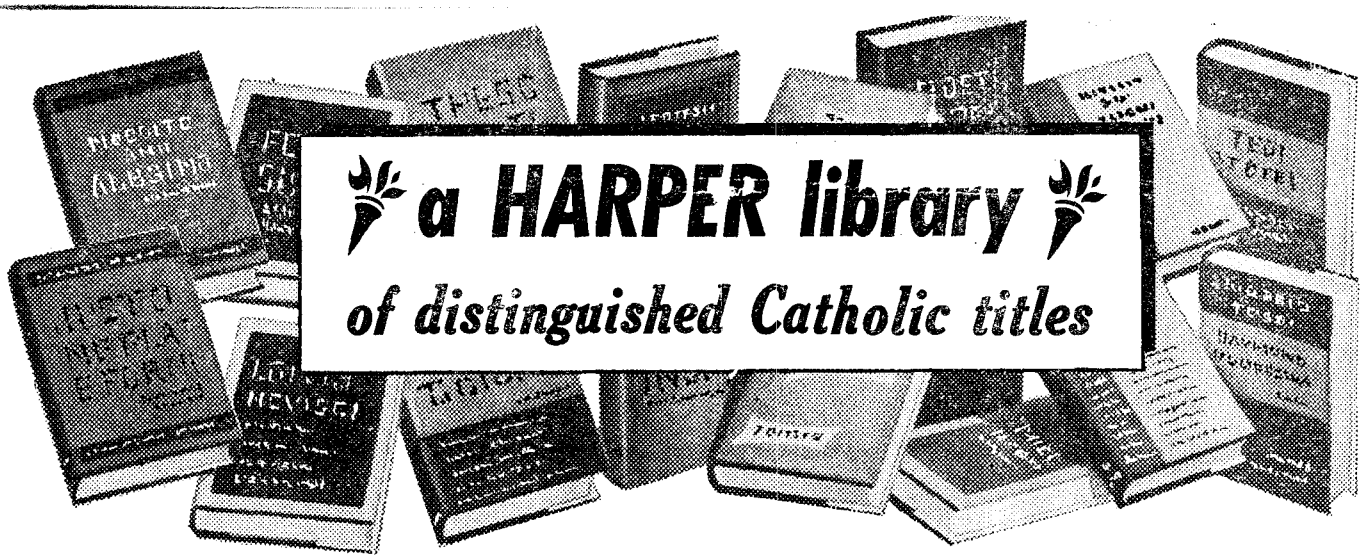

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